

## BUTTE NEWS.

## WAS ORDERED TO DIG UP

Recore Must Pay Fifty Dollars to His Wife.

## HIS STORY DOES NOT WASH

Ledford, His Former Employer, Testifies That Recore Stole Money From Him—The Contract—A Warning From the Court.

Judge Lindsay yesterday afternoon heard further testimony in the divorce case of Ada Recore against John Recore on an order to show cause why the defendant should not be required to pay his wife alimony, and the hearing ended by the court making an order that Recore pay \$50 into court by \$25 a month ordered paid a few days ago, or go to jail. The judge also gave the defendant to understand that he did not take much stock in the testimony alleging his inability to pay. J. E. Ledford, a butcher, testified that Recore had worked for him four months at \$2 a day and that he now owed him only \$21, which was on Tuesday attached by another creditor of Recore. On Sunday night Ledford had trouble with Recore and the latter left his employ. The witness denied that Recore had been in partnership with him and declared that they had no arrangement to defeat the court's order. Ledford said he agreed to pay Recore a percentage on all meat sold, the payment, however, not to be less than \$2 a day. To prove such an arrangement Ledford exhibited the following contract signed by Recore:

"This is to certify that I John Recore have hired to J. E. Ledford for the sum of \$12 Per Week for to act as a Butcher for him."

Ledford pleaded guilty to writing it and admitted that it was drawn up and signed Sunday night, though it bore the date of May 3. They knew at that time that the court had ordered Recore to appear in court, but the witness denied that that fact had anything to do with the execution of the contract. Ledford said he had for a month or more suspected that Recore was holding out on him and about 10 days ago he put his daughter to watch him. She discovered that he was taking money out and hiding it in a bureau drawer in his room. On Sunday night Ledford went to the store and waited there until Recore showed up, about 11 o'clock. Ledford, so he testified, asked Recore if he had not always treated him like a man, and Recore admitted it. Then he asked him whose money he had in the bureau drawer and Recore said: "It is yours," and pleaded that he had taken it because he was hard up. Ledford told him if he would give it up he would say no more about it and Recore turned it over to him. It amounted to only \$26.

"You were not very particular to learn that he had abstracted this money until you heard that he had been cited into court, were you?" asked the judge.

Ledford said he had been looking for the money for a month, but could not find it until Sunday night, although he had looked in the bureau drawer before. He also said he had informed the man who attached Recore's wages that he had some money coming to him.

J. E. McCann, a former partner of Recore's, testified as to the amount he had earned while they were in business together.

After hearing the testimony the judge said he would require Recore to pay \$50 into court for the use of his wife by 2 o'clock and that this order was in addition to the one made that he should pay \$25 a month. If the \$50 is not paid, considering the testimony, said the judge, the defendant will be confined in jail until he does pay it. He further said that he believed the defendant was able to pay and that, to say the least, the testimony looks like a fabrication.

"If I find that there has been a collusion to avoid the order of the court," continued the judge, "the court will take further action in the matter, for I do not propose that the order of the court shall be ignored in this way, or that there shall be any attempt of the kind to defeat the ends of justice."

## OCEAN TRAMPS.

Flock to New York Harbor From All Parts of the World.

From the New York Sun.  
Ocean tramps, as the craft that sail from port to port, picking up cargoes wherever they can be called, are hurrying to America by the day of the week. Some of the ships are Italian, others are German, more of them Norwegian, but the greatest number, wherever they are bound, fly the flag of England. British tramps carry the greatest part of her commerce and have made England the mistress of the seas.

It has been said that where you find the largest number of these tramps you will find the greatest prosperity, for the British ship owner, or "managing owner," can catch scent of a profitable cargo more quickly than a local ship can pick up a rabbit's trail, and it is because of this that orders have gone out from the dingy counting rooms of London, Liverpool, Glasgow and Newcastle-on-Tyne waiting for them, telling the skipper to drop all else and get to the American seaboard as soon as possible. Here ships are wanted badly to take grain to Europe. In consequence there has been for the last month and will continue to be an almost unprecedented movement toward this country of tramps, the "little cargo boats" of which Kipling sings so much. It is calculated that at present there are 25 per cent. more tramps in American ports than there usually are at this season, and with the rush that has begun over seas this percentage will be increased largely before another month has passed. Only a small number of these steamers are coming to New York for cargoes. The majority of them are bound for Philadelphia, Baltimore, Norfolk and New Orleans, but wherever they go, it is grain they are after. Some of them have charters before they leave their sailing ports, more than half will find charters waiting for them when they arrive and many are coming on a "spec," trusting to find a cargo when they get there. As about 5,000,000 bushels of grain in all kinds are being exported from the seaboard each week, there is a good show for all of them.

The tramp type of the ocean steamer, which is rapidly driving the sailing ships from the seas, is in a sense a peculiarly British institution. Although other nations have adopted the type and furnish at times a sharp rivalry for the Englishmen, the vast majority of cargo boats fly the British flag. They are particularly dear to the British heart, for not only do they carry all but a small part of the ocean commerce of the world, but they are owned largely

by the great middle class of England, by widows and orphans. There is scarcely a village in England where there is not some family whose income comes from a tramp steamer. There are some large corporations that own fleets of steamers, but most of these are made up of persons not wealthy, who invest their savings in the 21 shares and feel rich when they realize 3 per cent. on their money. But a larger part of the steamers have a managing owner and a number of other part owners who have shares in them. Sometimes sharp shipping agent decides to build a steamer. He puts some money into it, he gets a number of others to put their money into it, and he takes the job of managing owner, whereby he receives not only his share of the profits of the vessel, but gets a commission on all the charters he procures. This makes a very good job for him, and the English stockholder, content with small interest, is happy if his ship receives but a little money.

Most of the tramp ships are built on the east coast of England. Newcastle is a great seat of this industry. The ships are not built for show or beauty. What the ship owner wants is the cheapest possible steamer with the largest carrying capacity for her dimensions. He wants a ship that will burn not more than 15 or 20 tons of coal a day and can jog along from one end of the world to the other at nine or ten knots an hour. The type of tramp steamer has been improving very much in the last few years. Formerly a 1,500-tonner was a very big tramp, and the average size was nearer 1,000 tons than 1,200. But the newer steamers are much larger, and a 4,000-ton tramp is not uncommon, while one of 2,500 tons is to be met with in almost any port.

## FEMALE ROBBER CHIEF.

Eighteen-Year-Old Girl Leader of a Band of Desperadoes.

For some time past the farmers near Bridgeport, Conn., have been made the victims of an organized band of thieves headed by a girl chief. Small sums of money have been taken, but provisions seem to have had a greater attraction for the marauders. It has been their habit to ransack the larder and the midnight banquets, at which the girl presided and was the leading spirit in the reckless revels. The girl, it is said, planned the expeditions and assumed a leadership in all the movements of the gang. On the night of a raid it has been her habit to slip from her home, meet her followers and then the raids would begin.

The police have at last succeeded in capturing this female leader. Her name is Minnie Brotherton. She is 18 years old and lives in the woods between Wilton and New Canaan. The authorities have not placed her behind prison bars, but she is being kept in a room in the hope of capturing the remainder of the gang, several of whom are known, but against whom there is no direct evidence. The girl's work is law with her chosen band, and it is doubtful if the plans of the constabulary to force her to betray her companions will succeed. She is at her parents' home, but is kept under surveillance.

Minnie Brotherton is a handsome young woman. Her eyes are large and brown, the eyebrows arched. Her ears are thin and well formed. She has a wealth of brown hair, which usually hangs in a half-disheveled fashion, in keeping with her wild methods of life. Among the recent depredations traced to the girl and her comrades is a robbery at the Hayhursts, from whose farm house \$20 in money, a gold watch, two hams and a pair of shoes were stolen. Sam Buttry's house, at Silver Mines, was also broken into and ten pounds of silver stolen, together with 15 cans of fruit. The Templeton farm house, at South Wilton, also came in for a share of attention. On the night of the burglary at June's, just previous to her capture, Minnie's name was taken away. The object was to have a feast. The young girl proposed a meal of hot biscuit and while she was making the dough the men gathered about the table, drinking and telling stories. Then followed a carousal and toasts to the queen of marauders were drunk with great gusto.

## HAS ALREADY COST MILLIONS.

Attempts to Exterminate the Grey Moth in Massachusetts.

From the San Francisco Argonaut.  
In 1869 Mr. Trouvelot, who had come to Massachusetts from Paris, had taken with him some eggs of the grey moth. These lay, one day, on a tray near an open window and a breeze blew them out of the door. He recognized the mischief he had wrought, but his announcement of it created little excitement at the time, as the people of Medford, where he lived, knew nothing of this insect. And, indeed, little more was heard of it for about 10 years, while not until 1880, or 20 years after the escape, were the ravages of the moth such as to call for action by the state. At that time the worms had spread through 20 townships, ruining shade trees everywhere and attacking also farm and garden crops. Accordingly, in 1880, Governor Brackett called on the legislature to help him, that body authorized a commission for the purpose and appropriated \$25,000 for its work, which sum was doubled a few months later. The next legislature did also to expend \$50,000, and others followed with still larger sums annually.

## ECONOMICS.

A Reason for Liberty Towards England in the West Coast.

From the Washington Star.

"Sometimes," remarked Maud, "when I think it all over, it seems to me that we are real men."

"Who are real men?" inquired Maud rather jolly.

"We Americans."

"We're not," was the stout reply.

"We're the greatest, grandest nation on earth. It says so in the school book."

"Well," persisted Maud, "we might make some allowances, anyhow."

"About what?"

"Does England want all the seals?"

"Yes."

"And don't we want her to have them?"

"No, and it seems real selfish."

"I don't see why we ought to give them up, if they're our seals."

"Of course, we ought to give them all up. But we ought not to be disagreeable about it. Besides, it's partly our own fault. It's no more than natural for England to want all the seals she can possibly get. After the way in which the nobility of that country has been a-marrying American heiresses, the demand for seal-skins increases over there must be something positively appalling."

## AN ENGLISH OPINION

What Silver Has Done for the Republic of Mexico.

## IT HAS WORKED A MIRACLE

From Every Quarter of the Globe Capital is Being Rolled In Upon Her. Misery and Famine in India. Contentment in Mexico.

Special Correspondence of the Standard.

London, Sept. 15.—That the silver is a dead issue and that bimetalism is a failure, is so we are told, a foregone conclusion. At the same time it is causing quite a good deal of comment over here, especially for a dead issue. The Financial Times of this date has a leader on Mexico and silver, which is rather a surprise, and is interesting in its admissions. Of course, this paper must not be confounded with the Financial News, for it is only a vest-pocket edition of that great daily, but at the same time it has its readership, and is quoted pretty much. After pointing out the fact that Mexico has met all its obligations during the past two decades or so, the editorial writer continues:

"Twenty-five years ago no man dared start a new industry in Mexico. Now throughout the length and breadth of Mexico people are awakening to the advantages which her geographical position, climate, conditions and cheapness of labor afford. From every quarter of the globe capital has rolled in upon her."

This same paper, during the late campaign, was one of the loudest to shout that if the United States adopted a single-handed bimetallic policy, capital would fairly rush out of the country. In Mexico's case, it has, so the Times adds, "rolled in upon her."

The editorial further states that "the very misfortunes which attach to her chief product, silver, so disastrous to her neighbors, are a god-send to her. The agriculturist, the peasant of Mexico, increased expenses, now receives \$2, where but a few years ago he received \$1. The immense potentialities of future exports have thus made every square foot of her territory more valuable and offers to every pair of hands the prospect of steady employment. An era of rising prices set in with the closing of the Indian mint and Mexico now enjoys the benefits that accrue to her as a cheap producer."

"Instead of the misery and famine which afflicts the peasants of our Eastern possessions, the peasant of Mexico is happy and content."

If the Times should happen to be right, and it can be proven that silver has made possible in Mexico that the farmers have \$2 to-day where they had \$1 a few years ago, and that employment is offered to every pair of hands, it would be a very good thing for the United States.

The last issue of La Mine, of Paris, has an interesting description of the progress of work on the Gold Coin mine of Cripple Creek, also some opinions of the value of several of the stocks in mining companies in that camp.

On account of the friendship that has of late been growing up in France for Russia, there has been a great deal of talk about an increased interest in the openings that the Russian lands may open up for the use of capital, and gold mining has not been forgotten. It is generally known that from 1882 to 1885 Russia produced 4,038,654 ounces of gold and employs steadily 50,000 persons in that industry. Russian gold mines in Siberia have been taken over by French capital, and the result announced, for before long, particularly in France.

The Bullionist, which has for years been run as a high-class weekly financial paper, has now come out as a daily. The paper in question has one bad habit—it is a rabid anti-American journal. No matter how good the outlook may be, it spends most of its time crying down everything in the United States of America. Fortunately there is also a Statist, which is of a still higher class than the Bullionist; very much so. Its method is fairness.

With regard to the question of continued advance of American rails, the Daily Mail says as follows: "This advance could not, as the pundits seem to think, be brought about by a few stock gamblers with the object of loading London with a lot of unsalable rubbish. It is foolish to gamble in anything. But it is equally foolish to talk about the present advance as the result of nothing more than a gamble. There are many signs that America is entering upon an era—short or long—of comparative prosperity. Let us admit the truth, even if we do not want to buy the stocks."

Mr. Norman is quite pleased with his success in the practice in this country of the play, "Miss Francine of Yale." This is another American play that has had a good reception here and Mr. Norman is endeavoring to lease the Globe theater, London, to bring the play to the metropolis.

The Northwestern railway has now added second-class dining cars, besides those of the first and third classes. Surely this is the very best of distinctions. The funny thing is that the price for a second-class dinner is just the same as the price for a third-class dinner.

Ament a comment made in my last letter on the matter of the troubles in India, I notice that the Literary Digest has the following to say on the matter: "The continental nations of Europe, in their comments on the unrest in India, profess to discover some discrepancy between the British report on the one hand, which, it is alleged, permits Englishmen to foster sedition in other nations' territories and to demand the utmost liberality for American rebels, French anarchists and German socialists; and the practice which causes English papers to demand the suppression of publications which express dissatisfaction under the Union Jack." All this seems to be a mystery to the Literary Digest, but the shoe pinches on the other fellow's corns when it is anarchy in Germany, and Mr. Bull is a philanthropist mostly when he has naught to lose.

Mr. Maclean, the president of the Institute of Journalists, at yesterday's meeting, said the day of the all-powerful single paper has gone by. The Times no more stands out alone, but there are others who share with it the same high pedestal. Independence, he considers, is the life blood of journalism, and a newspaper has lost its life if it has lost its chief saving grace and is worthless.

Quite a change has come over the folks in the opinion of the Klondykers, and the supply of new companies has stopped. I was talking to the city manager of one of the very largest firms of printers of circulars and prospectuses, and he told me that of the number they have on the press being prepared for the fall rush, there is not one that is a Klondyke company. He gives it as his opinion that, unless matters

change a good deal, there will be very little excitement in that direction for some months to come, at least.  
DE PUTON GLIDDON.

## FIRST LOCOMOTIVE IN AMERICA.

Brought From England, and Made Its First Trip in 1829.

From the Troy (N. Y.) Times.

About 68 years ago the Delaware & Hudson Canal company imported from Stourbridge, England, the first locomotive ever brought to this country. It was built under the direction of Horatio Allen and called the "Stourbridge Lion." Its trial trip was made at Honesdale, Pa., Aug. 8, 1829. Mr. Allen, the builder, had charge, and consequently enjoyed the distinction of being the first engineer in America. He died at Montrose, N. Y., Dec. 31, 1859, at the age of 87 years. The engine, as it stands on a handsome truck built expressly for it, looks like a toy compared with the monsters of this day. The model used in to-day's parade is made of pine and hemlock and covered with rock moss fastened with poultry wire. This has been kept constantly during the past week and the color is perfect. The boiler, which is about 12 feet in length and three feet in diameter, is covered with purple and white asters. On either side of the boiler are the walking beams, which are similar to those on a steamboat. These are decorated with Chinese pinks. The cylinders are composed of pink asters. The stack and smoke arch are of crimson asters. On the front of the arch there is an oil painting of a lion's head and at each side the word "Lion," made of pink asters, with ground of yellow immortelles. Pumps, braces, steam pipes, exhaust pipes, etc., are striped with golden rod. The driving wheels, which are about 40 inches in diameter, are covered with rock moss striped with golden rod. The tender wheels, which are about 19 inches smaller, are similarly decorated, the tires of all wheels being of white asters. The tank is painted with autumn leaves and mountain ash berries, bordered with golden rod and crimson asters. The tank is painted with golden rod and crimson asters. The tank is painted with golden rod and crimson asters. The tank is painted with golden rod and crimson asters.

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Fall Weight Kerseys, stylishly made, Fly- Front and Empire Jackets and Box Coats, in the new tans and other colors.

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## IT'S A SNAP

The prices at which shoes are being sold at the "Red Boot" has created great comment among the shoe buying people of Butte. For several weeks past a closing sale of a Missouri stock of shoes has been in progress and has attracted large crowds of buyers, which has almost exhausted the bankrupt stock. The management have decided, however, to take advantage of the opportunity, and while the cut price sale is on to close out all remains of regular lines at a sacrifice. This means at least

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